

"Limit Profits" Very Fine

But You Also Limit Effort, Efficiency and Progress.

W. B. Goll, president of the Carrollton Excelsior and Fuel Co., Ltd., of New Orleans, La., has a plan "to stop profiteering automatically." He would limit rigidly the percentage that a man or a corporation might earn "upon the bonafide amount of investment in the business."

On paper it sounds well. In reality, it is not mere cash, but brains and energy, self denial, worry, indigestion, premature old age, invested by Americans in their business that produce the results.

What the country needs, what pushes the country ahead, is exceptional RESULTS obtained by exceptional ABILITY.

If you limit profit, you limit effort. If you limit effort you limit progress.

When the black savage near the Equator kills a lion, he wants twenty colored wives as his reward. It sounds unreasonable, but give him the twenty ladies. He may kill another lion.

If Mr. Rockefeller wants a thousand millions for organizing the nation's oil industry, give him the money. It is a cheap investment.

There was a time when men of power went out dressed in armor to protect the humble villagers, and demanded power of life and death over those villagers. It WAS unreasonable, but to refuse would have been foolish. He killed a few of his villagers, but without him they all might have been killed by the enemy.

This country is not developed one-tenth. Mines, deserts, swamps, mountains of oil-bearing rock, great water power—all need developing.

The man of power says: "You want your deserts to blossom like the rose. I will make them do it, but I want a hundred millions."

Give him the money.

To limit PROFIT is to limit EFFORT, and that means to stand still.

Good-By to Dueling—Relic of the Days of Ignorance

Leon Daudet, a French deputy and author, who fought eight duels in years past, recently declined a challenge to fight another. He wrote the challenger, a distinguished public man like himself: "Duels are out of date. They are foolish and, since the war, intolerable."

He is right. Dueling is a curious survival of the ignorance of the early days of the dark ages, that 3 o'clock in the morning period between the light of the ancient civilization and the dawning of our own, the period when none but the priests could read or write, when even kings and barons signed great historic documents like the Magna Charta with their seal because they could not write their own names; when all ideas were primitive and the most primitive of all was their idea of ascertaining justice by what was known as "trial by combat."

Before the jury system grew up in England, and before they had courts on the continent to hear testimony, they used to decide disputes by battle between disputants, and the one who won the physical contest was supposed to have been right, on the theory that God fights not on the side of the strong or the swift, but on the side of the righteous in every case.

The practice soon grew of hiring champions to fight, and the one whose champion was successful was supposed to have justice on his side.

Although advancing civilization made this method uncouth and ridiculous, dueling as a collateral issue of the practice survived in England until the latter part of the Eighteenth Century and on the continent until today. The practice lasted even later in America than in England, and some of our most distinguished men, both in civil and military life, were its victims.

This Is REAL Advertising

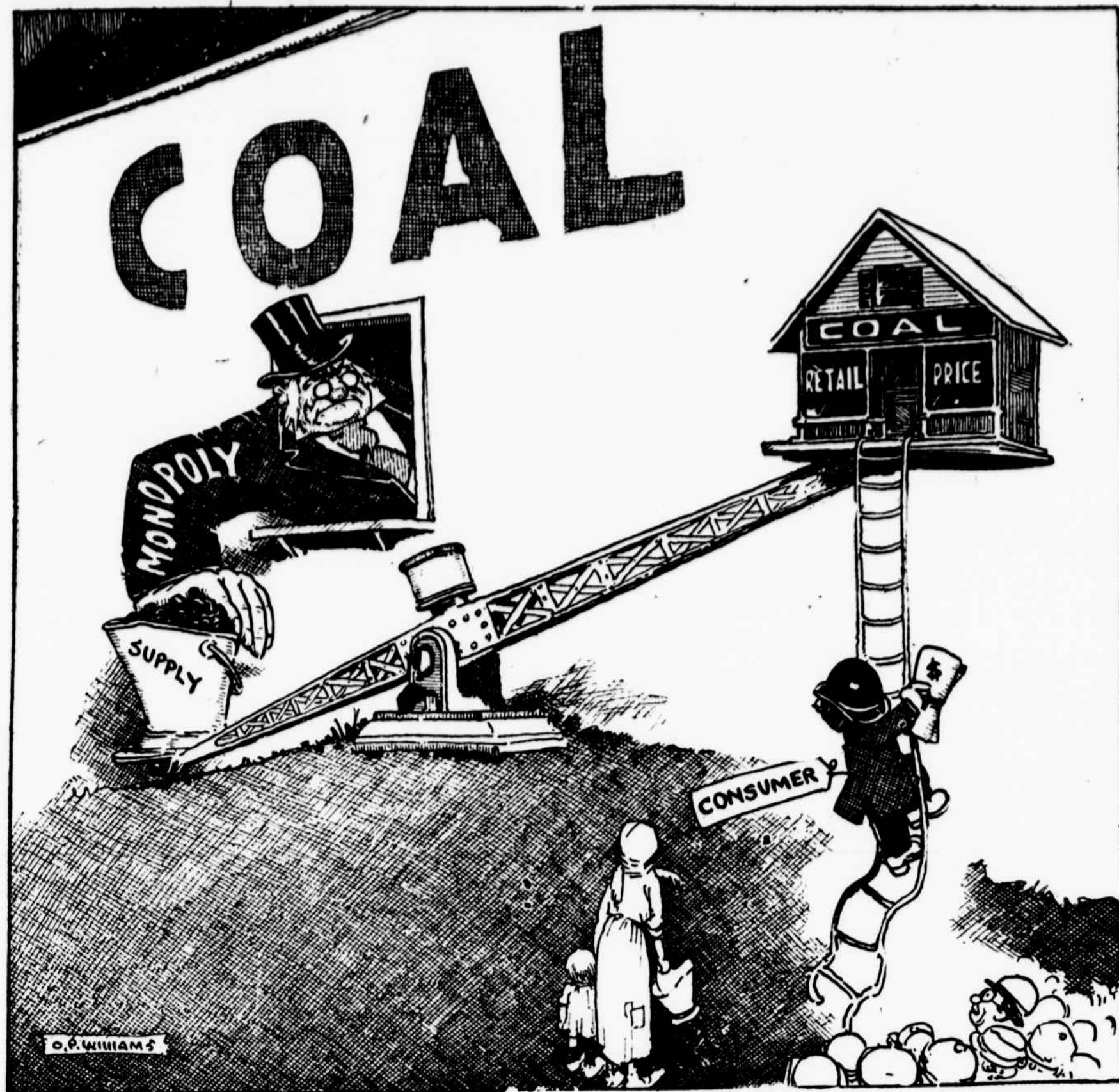
In Chicago they do not walk, they run, not at random, but with a definite idea, and as everybody keeps up a rapid pace, the pace is convenient for all.

In Chicago when they want to do something, they go out and DO IT; they don't peck at it like a canary bird tearing at a cuttlefish bone.

A "go-getter" type of the Chicago business men is E. J. Lehman, owner and boss of a big department store called "The Fair."

Mr. Lehman SELLS many toys to Chicago fathers and mothers. This year he wants to sell MORE than ever. Tomorrow, in the Chicago Herald and Examiner, Mr. Lehman will publish ONE SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT OF EIGHT PAGES DEALING WITH NOTHING BUT TOYS. That is the way to sell toys if you really want to SELL them.

Formerly Mr. Lehman used, at great expense, to print a beautiful catalog and mail it in individual packages to a hundred thousand or more different addresses. Like others, in these days, when the proposition facing merchants is a SELLING proposition, Mr. Lehman goes at it differently.

"Supply and Demand"**Beatrice Fairfax**

ON Advice.

IN LOVE WITH LOVE.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am about seventeen, maybe too young to love any man. But during the summer on my vacation from school I met a country boy I admired and I am sure he loves me too. He would meet me once in a while during the week, and beg me to go out with him, but I had to refuse. Now, since I've been going to school he doesn't take any notice of me, and it grieves me very much. A girl friend told me he has been going with her girl friend, and he wants her to marry him. I am going to write him soon. What would you advise me to do? BILLIE.

DO THEY CARE?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young man twenty-three years of age, an interesting talker and considered good-looking. But I am slightly lame, have been so since a small boy. I am very self-conscious of this fact and am never fully at ease. I am invited to a party where girls care for a boy who is afflicted as I am. Could they? I have cultivated my personality and made many friends but never intimate ones.

Now, Miss Fairfax, I am not writing for sympathy, but to find out whether you think a girl would learn to care for one who is afflicted, as well as a man with two strong legs. F. L. V.

Indeed, girls can and do learn to care for men with their physical defect. Ask some of the boys who returned from overseas to find their sweethearts waiting for them and to take them with one leg or one arm, with one eye, or any other defect. Some of the happiest marriages are of this very kind, and are not based upon pity or sympathy, but upon true love. A man may have two strong legs or arms, and have a warped and twisted mind, which is a thousand times worse than being a trifle lame. Cease to worry about your affliction, try to overcome your self-consciousness, learn to make the advances other men do, and you'll win out.

SHALL SHE MARRY?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am eighteen years old. I have been keeping company with a young man my own age for five months, and we feel that we would not be happy without each other. However, my parents object to the marriage as I would have to work after I marry. What should I do? I am very unhappy without him. PERPLEXED.

Many married women work these days, and keep happy homes, too. The fact that you would have to work after marriage should not prevent your marriage. However, eighteen is young to think of tying up to a man for the rest of your life.

SOMETHING'S WORRYING HER.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am engaged to be married to an ex-soldier, and I love him more than my very life and he loves me the same, but there something worrying me now and then. While he was over sea, after the armistice was signed, his company was stationed in a little town in Germany in that time he had a love affair with a German girl (we were almost strangers then), but he swears to me that he never cared two straws for her except to pass his time away, he had a photograph of the girl, and he tore it up for my benefit. Now I have discovered a crucifix attached to his prayer beads with her name on it, and my jealousy knows no bound. Tell me, dear Miss Fairfax, is my jealousy just or unreasonable? K. E. Y.

The German girl is 2,000 miles away from here.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

Registered U. S. Patent Office.

By K. C. B.

SOMEONE WRITES

me.

ABOUT A boy.

WHO ALWAYS

smiled.

AND ALWAYS had

A WORD of cheer.

FOR EVERYONE.

AND ALWAYS helped.

IF SO it was.

THERE WAS a way.

THAT HE might help.

AND DIDN'T ask.

THAT HE be paid.

EXCEPT IN smiles.

THAT HE might bring.

TO SOMEONE else.

AND THEN he slip-

ped.

ONE FATEFUL day.

AND DID a thing.

THAT BROUGHT him

shame.

AND WENT away.

AND STAYED a

while.

AND THEN came back.

CAME CREEPING

back.

IN CHEAP made

clothes.

AND PENNILESS.

AND SPIRIT gone.

AND LIKE a ghost.

I THANK you.

and you are on the ground. Forget her, and let him forget her if he can. Don't make the mistake of nagging him about some other girl. You will have to take his word for the seriousness of his affair with her.

HE WORKS AT NIGHT.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a girl of eighteen, and I am very much

in love with a fellow about nineteen or twenty.

I have known him for about four or five weeks.

The first two or three weeks we got along fine

together, but here of late he has been working

at night, and does not give me much attention.

He calls me up quite often, but never seems to

make any engagements to or even go out. Will

you please give me some advice to try to win

his affection again.

I am a dark-haired girl and have blue eyes,

a fair complexion and am a girl who likes a

good time. I go to many dances and consid-

ered a very good dancer. BLUE EYES.

If this young man is working at night, I

don't see how he can have much opportunity to

take you out. Perhaps he is applying himself

to something more serious than dancing. If he

is, you can well afford to miss his company for

a few days, while he improves his mind or his

position in the world.

HE GOES his way.

IN SOLITUDE.

UPON THE paths.

HE USED to tread.

AND SMILES he left.

UPON THIS path.

BEFORE HE slipped.

AND WENT away.

HAVE DISAP-

PEARED.

AND ANXIOUS eyes.

SEEK THEM in vain.

AND HE who writes.

ASKS ME to say.

IT ISN'T fair.

AND SO I'll write.

THAT IT'S not fair.

AND I don't know.

WHAT THING he did.

NOR WHERE he's

been.

BUT I do know.

IT'S MIGHTY hard.

IF ONE has slipped.

TO CLIMB again.

TO WHERE he was.

IF THERE'S no hand.

TO HELP him up.

OR WAITING smile.

TO GREET him there.

I THANK you.

Showing that the most beautiful woman in America is the lady on the silver dollar.

Mr. B. Baer

RAVES ABOUT

Beautiful Women

When the world was still a fresh egg, Cleo and Helen of Troy had the first national release complexions of their time. Since then every woman thinks that she is entitled to the sauce made from the golden apple.

Just when the world war seemed healed, two foreigners step over here and start picking out the most beautiful Americanette. Which is another argument against indiscriminate immigration.

Hoppe thinks a society woman is the Queen of the Lip Stick. Helieu picks out a movie donna. Hoppe is English. Helieu is French.

The first question we ask an extinguished foreigner is what he thinks of our American women. To think of beautiful women is no indication that you are thinking. That requires no thought.

A handsome man can be cured by time, but a woman is a woman all her life. No beautiful woman has ever lost her beauty. Sometimes she mislays it or the drug store is closed.

Beauty is not only pharmaceutical, but also geographical. If Agamemnon visited these taxed provinces he would pick out the woman with the most beautiful black teeth as our fairest princess.

The Duke of Samos would think that the heaviest tattooed flapper was entitled to the verdict handed down by twelve good Samosans and true.

A Zulu merchant prince measures beauty by tongue. Many a Zulu chieftain has croaked of a broken heart when his sweetly lost her appetite and only ate two small missionaries on toast. Fat is beauty in Turkey, long toe nails top the list in China, and in Persia they think the Eighteenth amendment means soap.

A Zomborian thinks that a flat nose is the fairest flower that grows, big ears are prized in New Gumbo, while in Eskimoland a woman's beauty is in ratio to her old man's property. If her old man has an ugly bank account she is beautiful.

Although we don't admit it down here, the Fakimo system has been adopted without reservations. Did you ever see a newspaper portrait of a wealthy society flapper? Most of 'em have faces that would make a Swiss clock die of an ingrown cuckoo. But the dope underneath the picture always states that she is beautiful, charming and can speak eight Scranton languages.

Showing that the most beautiful woman in America is the lady on the silver dollar.

Safety Is Possible.

By organizing a safety department in the fall of 1917 and conducting a vigorous safety campaign throughout the following year, the United Alloy Steel Corporation, Canton, Ohio, decreased its accident frequency 59 per cent. The number of injuries causing loss of time beyond the shift was reduced from 1,440 in 1917 to 983 in 1918. The average number of employees in this plant during 1917 and 1918 was 4,000.

Does safety work pay? In the city of Everett, Wash., there are sixteen lumber and shingle mills. Twelve of them are members of the council. The records of the State Industrial Insurance Commission for the year 1918 show that the average compensation per employee for the twelve council members was only \$1.88, the highest figure for any of the members being \$2.24; while for the four non-members the average payment was \$2.79 and the lowest was \$1.37. There's a reason.

An Ancient Game.

Sending a smooth stone skimming across the water is a very ancient game. It was played by Scipio Africanus and his friend Laelius more than 2,000 years ago and was a favorite pastime even then. The ancients called it "epostracismus."

Trying Educational Methods In Prevention of Traffic Accidents

By BILL PRICE.

Any step which will decrease traffic accidents in the District is wise, and the "No Accident Week" set aside by the Commissioners ought to have a valuable educational effect, if every responsible, well-meaning auto driver and owner will co-operate in impressing on the public his purpose to go to the fullest extent in strict observance of regulations. Pedestrians can be of material aid in discouraging jay-walking and careless hopping into streets without a thought as to the possible consequences.

The lessons coming out of such a week will be of lasting benefit only among those who mean to do right and have merely been thoughtless. Among that class of drivers who are wholly and willfully indifferent to what occurs to the other fellow, something stronger than educational methods will be necessary. Moral suasion is useless with these, and there are thousands of them in Washington.

In spite of recent unusual efforts to safeguard lives, the death-dealing auto is continuing its work. The toll of lives taken in Washington is indeed cause for grave alarm.

Stricter laws, and the co-ordination of all agencies engaged in the enforcement of those laws, is the remedy. Severe penalties by the courts for persistent violators, and the indefinite suspension of drivers' permits for repetition of serious offenses, will be more effective as lessons than anything else. When this is in sight, and licenses are issued only to those worthy of the privilege we may expect better conditions.

The Commissioners will be supported in rational, sane recommendations to Congress for strict regulations of the issue of permits, for a traffic court, for elimination of collateral deposits in police stations except for minor offenses, for clear records of traffic offenders, and harmonious co-operation of all officials in enforcement.

**COINING A NEW ONE.**

The latest thing out is the "cake-eater's blues," meaning, "Not a cent in my pocket," as states P. H.

Please submit this momentous matter to the fans for consideration: Which is the most pathetic—girl in silk hose freezing to death or one in woolen hose being tickled to death? First prize, handsome hand-embroidered egg-beater. AL H.

POSTOFFICE ROMANCE.

Here is that postoffice romance complete: Meter, Va.; Friendship, N. Y.; Hope, N. D.; Love, Va.; Kissimmee, Fla.; Bliss, Mich.; Diamond, S. D.; Ring, Ark.; Parson, Ky.; Dressing, Tex.; Cross, S. C.; Will, Ky.; N. S. Battle, La.; Reno, Nev.; Division, Kan.; Pinis, Tex.; B. K., Park View.

"LITTLE WIDOW" tells our poet "OHIO," that if he will attend the next dance of the Ohio Society at the Wilson Normal School he will find many girls who will suit his fastidious tastes to whom the chaperones will be glad to introduce him. "A bunch of Buckeyes" is always present.

A FUNKYBONE TICKLER. Doctor—"It's not dangerous, my boy, just a gathering at the back of your neck, but KEEP YOUR EYE ON IT." H. L. S.

GETTING RICH. I've just figured out exactly what chances some of us honest and thrifty guys have to become millionaires. Just save \$1 a day for 1,000,000 days and you'll be a millionaire. But remember, you'll then have to be 2,739 72-100 years old. PHILIP EBERT.

"QUIET" CHRISTMAS FOR THE "PHONE" GIRLS. I wonder if it wouldn't be possible for everyone to "quiet" their phones Christmas day and give us operators a "regular" Christmas? It sure would be appreciated. (It certainly would be nice if the "phone" girls could have the same chance as thousands of others to enjoy Christmas day.)

We wish a line, on behalf of Central High School students, to express our sincere regard for President MILTON ROSENBERG, of our bank, and FLORENCE RIZZO, our smiling bookkeeper, who leads her class in bookkeeping. JOE.

HE NEEDED IT, YOU BET. Helen—"I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered your lips up." Dick—"No, or just a piece of grit in my teeth." Helen—"For goodness sake swallow it; you need it." NEWUN.

GOLDIE'S BIRTHDAY. Folks, "GOLDIE'S" birthday was Thursday and she was twenty-three. EDDY DAVIS had some fun with her the other day when he said he had heard that "she was an old hen when the Dead Sea took sick."

Well, GOLDIE's photo shows a might pretty and interesting girl not over twenty-three. She's as bright as a dollar, too, for the editor gets her contributions. She's a "good sport" in the sense that she can give and take knocks. She made the "Gingham Jane" of the town mad in that famous knock about those she met on the Georgia avenue cars. When she grows older she'll learn that it is not clothes that make real men and women, although she's right in her doctrine that a good taste in dressing is admirable. And the Gingham Jane can and does look as beautiful as the "swellest" dresser when she uses taste and tact in her selections.

JOE BRESNAHAN informs the column that at Fifth and D streets northeast, "we have a feather duster named Posey, who weighs eighty-five pounds when soaking wet, and has the imagination of Wolf Larson and the strength of Elmo Lincoln."

DAD'S A MUSICIAN. I love to listen to the music of my daddy eating soup. S-ooooo-p! S-ooooo-p! S-ooooo-p! But dad pays no attention to remarks. Just gurgles it all up. That noodle soup has of his. Kinder makes us girls sore. LOUISE LEAHY.

Father—"Did you get any relief when you went to the dentist." Jimmy—"Yes, sir, the dentist was'n at home." CHEVY.